

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 17. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 29, 1825.

VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

[In offering our acknowledgments to the author of the following sketch, we assure him that similar favours will always be highly appreciated.]—Edts. *Minerva*.

For the *Minerva*.

A SKETCH.

IN the centre of an apartment whose walls were hung with rich cloths, and whose floors were spread with the most costly weavings of the east, sate, or rather reclined, a knight in the half armour of the times. Before him stood a marble table, whose unblemished surface sustained a lamp, the faint rays of which shone full upon his face. Its lines had settled in the expression of suffering; and at short intervals, tears which he impatiently struck from them, glistened in his eyes. He sighed heavily, and once or twice, rose hastily from his seat, as if endeavouring to escape from the weight that lay on his spirits. Suddenly a narrow entrance in view, opened and closed again after admitting a young and delicately formed female. At her appearance he hastened towards her, and raising from her face a rich veil that concealed it, he kissed her fervently and in silence: then, taking her hand, he led her to an open casement, through which the moon streamed in unshadowed splendour. From thence he looked upward, and strove to discover in the overhanging firmament, the star which the juggling science of the age, had taught him to revere as the arbiter of his fate. It shone with a mild and steady light; and to an unprepossessed mind would have suggested images of repose and beauty; but his diseased imagination saw written on its placid disk, menaces of fatal import, and he shuddered as he read the visionary threat.

"Constantia," he said, addressing his companion in hollow, tremulous accents,

"the conclave have met, and the humble knight whose best distinction was your love, has, by their election, been made the equal of rulers and kings. But the gift of power is not without its alloy, and in becoming the guide of others, I have ceased to be my own. The gaze of the multitude is on me, and follows me from the scene of public functions to the solitude of these recesses; nor is it fitting that the leader of Malta's chivalry should ever enjoy softer endearments than may be reaped from the austerities of monastic devotion, the pageantry of the tourney, or the hazardous revelry of well fought fields. So, at least say the hoary-headed fools of our conclave; but you know me too well, to believe that their words alone could persuade me to talk of separation to you. Separation; from whom? If the gray dotards could but imagine the fervour of my attachment—the blandishments of your tongue—the softness of your bosom, and the high heroic heart that throbs beneath it! If they but knew how often when the call to arms has found me in the retirement of your bower, you have lent me a nobler impulse than I owned without you, and buckling on my armour, have bid me be a true knight; and how often, its hazards over, my dearest reward for the valour all men praised, has been your gentle welcome; would they wish me to leave you?—Constantia, the contumely of these men were nothing to me; but the stars themselves, those potential rulers of earthly destinies demand it from your lover. Will you pardon him that he dare not refuse?"

He ended, and the youthful girl whom he addressed, stood pale and motionless as marble. It was in truth, a harsh revelation to one, whose love was intense as the worship of holy things—whose boundless security required all the power of the darkly predictive words she had just heard, to chill and to break it. She had been sailing on a quiet sea, in a barque, teeming with soft sounds and pleasant emotions, and now was stranded on a lone shore with nothing to greet her sense but the monotonous discord of an angry ocean. She might not unaptly be compared in her present

hopeless and solitary condition, to a traveller who having smoothed his pillow at night on one of those verdant spots that adorn the barrenness of the desert, with living rills gushing around him, and fresh leaves waving over him, awakes on the morrow to the horrors of endless and burning sterility. She strove to speak, but the words rattled hoarsely in her throat, and the effort spent itself in inarticulate sounds. But there was a proud spirit in her eye, that gave promise of early and greater self-command: and well was that promise kept.

"Godfroy," she said in low but distinct accents, "when your summons came, I was alone in the solitary chamber, which to be near you, I have chosen instead of my father's free hall. I was alone with the dishonour for which I bartered a spotless name, and yet when your messenger's step awoke the sleeping echoes of that room, I knew that he came to guide me to your presence, and I was happier in that reflection, than fame or the love of kindred could have made me. But you say aright; the paramour of your obscure days, deserves not to share in the splendours of your future lot. The hand that led me by mine from my youthful home, had no other trust than the bridle reins, and a good sword. A weightier care is in store for it, and I resign its protection. Say I not well, love?" She crept into his bosom, and lay there with an eye as calm and as bright as ever shone on happier days. Then rising, she looked up in his face earnestly—tenderly.

"Godfroy," she continued, "lend me your poniard, I know it is ever by your side, and as a parting gift I would weave around its hilt a ringlet of the poor hair you have praised so often." She received the dagger from him. It had been won in strife from the infidel, and was encased with rich jewels. Her dark hair was twined around it. The moment after, she buried it in her side, and fell bleeding at his feet! Quick as thought, he upraised her inanimate body. He bound up its wound, and warmed her faded lips with his kisses, till they blushed again with the sanguine dye of the rose. Hope re-illuminated his eye for a moment, but gradually left it as those lips resumed the ashy paleness of death. He took that white and lifeless hand and sighed over it in last adieu. "That blow—that blow!—It has killed us both, Constantia."

The sultry plains of Syria were crowded with the array of war. The crescent and the cross waved in deadly hostility over its parched soil. Around the banners of the turbaned Prophet, were gathered the bravest of his worshippers—the swarthy Bedouin, the melancholy Turk, and pale, enervate Persian. Opposed to them was the flower of Christendom—the hosts of France and Eng-

land, of middle Germany, and Venice the mistress of the seas. Malta's best lances were there, but without their legitimate leader. Godfroy, the grand master of their order, had mysteriously disappeared from amongst them. Dark and injurious suspicions were levelled at his kingly competitors in fame, from which his followers were only won by the absorbing interest of the approaching strife. It came at last, and thousands who on that day saw the sun rise bright and unclouded, lay stiff and cold, ere its beams were quenched in night. The dawn marshalled them forth—followers of the cross and the crescent. The middle hour found them bravely contending. But we are no fit chroniclers of the events of that conflict. A single feature of them, however, we would fain commemorate.

Overpowered by numbers, and oppressed by long continued exertions, the knights of St. John were slowly retiring before the countless myriads of the east, when a remarkable incident gave them anew the advantage of the fight. At this critical period when retreat was rapidly assuming the characteristics of flight, a knight apparelled in sable armour, and bestriding a noble animal of the same colour, appeared amongst them. He shouted the war cry of the order, and urging his horse at full speed against the nearest assailants, struck them down in his progress. Long and unimpeded, he kept on his victorious way till the boldest of his followers trembled at his rashness. The catastrophe was however at hand, and the blood that bedaubed his armour, testified that he had not pursued his stern career unharmed. The stroke of a battle axe parried on his sword, had shivered it to pieces: he drew from his bosom a poinard, whose jewelled hilt was encircled with a single tress of raven hair. (Was it Constantia's?) He raised it aloft to strike a last blow, but life waned in the effort, and horse and rider came to the earth together, to rise from it no more.

Story of the Churning of the Ocean to obtain the fourteen Jewels.

(From the Mahābhārata.)

[Allowing for the different style and habits of thinking, the most remarkable coincidence of machinery and events is perceptible throughout, between the following Story of Vyāsa, and the sublime pieces of Milton.]

There is a fair and stately mountain, and its name is Meru; a most exalted mass of glory reflected the sunny rays from the splendid surface of its gilded horns. It is clothed in gold, and is the respected haunt of Devas and Grandharvas. It is incon-

ceivable, and not to be encompassed by sinful man; and it is guarded by dreadful serpents. Many celestial medicinal plants adorn its sides, and it stands piercing the heavens with its aspiring summit, a mighty hill inaccessible even by the human mind! It is adorned with trees and pleasant streams, and resoundeth with the delightful songs of various birds. The Suras and all the glorious hosts of heaven, having ascended to the summit of this lofty mountain, sparkling with precious gems, and for eternal ages raised, were sitting in solemn synod, meditating the discovery of the amrita, or water of immortality. The Deva Nārāyana being also there, spoke to Brahmā, whilst the Suras were thus consulting together, and said, "Let the ocean, as a pot of milk, be churned by the united labour of the Suras and Asura; and when the mighty waters have been stirred up, the amrita shall be found. Let them collect together every precious thing, and let them stir the ocean, and they shall discover the amrita." There is also another mighty mountain, whose name is Mandara, and its rocky summits are like towering clouds. It is clothed in a net of the entangled tendrils of the twining creeper, and resoundeth with the harmony of various birds. Innumerable savage beasts infest its borders, and it is the respected haunt of Kinnaras, Devas, and Apsaras. It standeth eleven thousand yojanas above the earth, and eleven thousand more below its surface.

As the united bands of Devas were unable to remove this mountain, they went before Vishnu, who was sitting with Brahmā, and addressed them in these words: "Exert, O masters! your most superior wisdom to remove the mountain Mandara, and employ your utmost power for our good." Vishnu and Brahmā having said, "It shall be according to your wish," he with the lotus eye directed the King of Serpents to appear; and Ananta arose, and was instructed in that work by Brahmā and commanded Nārāyana to perform it. Then Ananta, by his power took up that king of mountains, together with all its forests, and every inhabitant thereof; and the Suras accompanied him into the presence of the ocean, whom they addressed, saying, "We will stir up thy waters to obtain the amrita." And the lord of the waters replied, "Let me also have a share, seeing I am to share the violent agitations that will be caused by the whirling of the mountain." Then the Suras and the Asuras spoke unto Kurmarāja, the king of the tortoises, on the strand of the ocean, and said, "My lord is able to be the supporter of this mountain." The tortoise replied "Be it so," and it was placed on his back. So the mountain being set on the back of the tortoise, Indra began to whirl it about as it were a machine. The mountain Manda-

ra served as a churn-staff, and the serpent Nāsuki for the rope; and thus in former days did the Devas, the Asuras, and the Dānovas, begin to stir up the waters of the ocean for the discovery of the amrita.

The mighty Asuras were employed on the side of the serpent's head, whilst all the Suras assembled about his tail. Ananta, that sovereign Deva, stood near Nārāyana. They now pull forth the serpent's head repeatedly, and as often let it go; whilst there issued from his mouth, thus violently drawing it to and fro by the Suras and Asuras, a continual stream of fire, and smoke, and wind; which ascending in thick clouds replete with lightning, it began to rain down on the heavenly bands, who were already fatigued with their labour; whilst a shower of flowers was shaken from the top of the mountain, covering the heads of all, both Suras and Asuras. In the meantime the roaring of the ocean, whilst violently agitated with the whirling of the mountain Mandara by the Suras and Asuras, was like the bellowing of a mighty cloud. Thousands of the various productions of the water were torn to pieces by the mountain, and confounded with the briny flood; and every specific being of the deep, and all the inhabitants of the great abyss which is below the earth, were annihilated; whilst, from the violent agitation of the mountain, the forest trees were dashed against each other and precipitated from its utmost height, with all the birds thereon; from whose violent confrication a raging fire was produced, involving the whole mountain with smoke and flame, as with a dark-blue cloud, and the lightning's vivid flash. The lion and the retreating elephant are overtaken by the devouring flames, and every vital being, and every specific thing, are consumed in the general conflagration. The raging flames, thus spreading destruction on all sides, were at length quenched by a shower of cloud-born water poured down by the immortal Indra. And now a heterogeneous stream of the concocted juices of various trees and plants ran down into the briny flood.

It was from this milk-like stream of juices produced from those trees and plants, and a mixture of melted gold, that the Suras obtained their immortality. The waters of the ocean now being assimilated with those juices, were converted into milk, and from that milk a kind of butter was presently produced; when the heavenly bands went again into the presence of Brahmā, the granter of boons, and addressed him, saying, "Except Nārāyana, every other Sura and Asura is fatigued with his labour, and still the amrita doth not appear; wherefore the churning of the ocean is at a stand." Then Brahmā said unto Nārāyana, "Endue them with recruited strength, for thou art their support."

And Náráyana answered and said, "I will give fresh vigour to such as co-operate in the work. Let Mandara be whirled about, and the bed of the ocean be kept steady." When they heard the words of Náráyana, they all returned again to the work, and began to stir about with great force that butter of the ocean; when there presently arose from out of the troubled deep—first the moon with a pleasing countenance, shining with ten thousand beams of gentle light; next following *Srí*, the goddess of fortune, whose seat is the white lily of the waters; then *Sura Devi*, the goddess of wine, and the white horse, called *Uchaisrava*. And after these there was produced from the unctuous mass, the jewel *kaustubha*, that glorious sparkling gem worn by Náráyana on his breast; so *Parijāta*, the tree of plenty, and *Surabhí*, the cow that granted every heart's desire. The moon, *Sura Devi*, the goddess *Srí*, and the horse as swift as thought, instantly marched away towards the *Devas*, keeping in the path of the sun. Then the *Deva Dhanwantari*, in human shape, came forth holding in his hand a white vessel filled with the immortal juice *amrita*. When the *Asuras* beheld these wondrous things appear, they raised their tumultuous voices for the *amrita*, and each of them clamorously exclaimed, "This of right is mine!"

In the meantime *Irāvata*, a mighty elephant, arose, now kept by the god of thunder; and as they continued to churn the ocean more than enough, that deadly poison issued from its bed, burning like a raging fire, whose dreadful fumes in a moment spread throughout the world, confounding the three regions of the universe with its mortal stench; until *Siva*, at the word of *Brahmá*, swallowed the fatal drug so save mankind; which remaining in the throat of that sovereign *Deva* of magic form, from that time he had been called *Níla Kantha*, because his throat was stained blue. When the *Asuras* beheld this miraculous deed, they became desperate, and the *amrita* and the goddess *Srí* became the source of endless hatred. Then Náráyana assumed the character and person of *Mohini Máya*, the power of enchantment, in a female form of wonderful beauty, and stood before the *Asuras*; whose minds being fascinated by her presence, and deprived of reason, they seized the *amrita*, and gave it unto her.

The *Asuras* now clothe themselves in costly armour, and, seizing their various weapons, rush on together to attack the *Suras*. In the meantime Náráyana, in the female form, having obtained the *amrita* from the hands of their leader, the hosts of *Suras*, during the tumult and confusion of the *Asuras*, drank of the living water. And it so fell out, that whilst the *Suras* were quenching their thirst for immortality, *Ráhu*, an

Asura, assumed the form of a *Sura*, and began to drink also. And the water had but reached his throat, when the sun and moon, in friendship to the *Suras*, discovered the deceit, and instantly Náráyana cut off his head, as he was drinking, with his splendid weapon *chakra*. And the gigantic head of the *Asura*, emblem of a mountain's summit, being thus separated from his body by the *chakra's* edge, bounded into the heavens with a dreadful cry, whilst his ponderous trunk fell cleaving the ground asunder, and shaking the whole earth unto its foundation, with all its islands, rocks, and forests. And from that time the head of *Ráhu* resolved an eternal enmity, and continueth, even unto this day, at times to seize upon the sun and moon.

Now Náráyana, having quitted the female figure he had assumed, began to disturb the *Asuras* with sundry celestial weapons; and from that instant a dreadful battle was commenced on the ocean's briny strand, between the *Asuras* and *Suras*. Innumerable sharp and missile weapons were hurled, and thousands of piercing darts and battle-axes fell on all sides. The *Asuras* vomit blood from the wounds of the *chakra*, and fall upon the ground pierced by the sword, the spear, and spiked club. Heads glittering with polished gold, divided by the patts blade, drop incessantly; and mangled bodies, wallowing in their gore, lay like fragments of mighty rocks sparkling with gems and precious ores. Millions of sighs and groans arise on every side; and the sun is overcast with blood as they clash their arms, and wound each other with their dreadful instruments of destruction. Now the battle is fought with the iron-spiked club, and, as they close, with clenched fist, and the din of war ascendeth to the heavens, they cry, "Pursue! strike! fell to the ground!" So that a horrid and tumultuous noise is heard on all sides. In the midst of this dreadful hurry and confusion of the fight, *Nara* and Náráyana entered the field together. Náráyana beholding a celestial bow in the hand of *Nara*, it reminded him of his *chakra*, the destroyer of the *Asuras*. The faithful weapon, by name *Sudarsana*, ready at the mind's call, flew down from heaven with direct and refulgent speed, beautiful, yet terrible to behold; and being arrived, glowing like the sacrificial flame, and spreading terror around, Náráyana, with his right arm formed like the elephantine trunk, hurled forth the ponderous orb, the speedy messenger, and glorious ruin of hostile towns; which, raging like the final all-destroying fire, shot bounding with desolating force, killing thousands of the *Asuras* in its rapid flight, burning and involving like the lambent flame, and cutting down all that would oppose it. Anon it climbeth the heavens, and now again dart-

eth into the field, like a *Pisācha* to feast in blood.

Now the dauntless Asuras strive, with repeated strength, to crush the Suras with rocks and mountains, which, hurled in vast numbers into the heavens, appeared like scattered clouds, and fell, with all the trees thereon, in millions of fear-exciting torrents, striking violently against each other with a mighty noise; and in their fall, the earth, with all its fields and forests, is driven from its foundation; they thunder furiously at each other as they roll along the field, and spend their strength in mutual conflict. Now Nara, seeing the Suras overwhelmed with fear, filled up the path to heaven with showers of golden-headed arrows, and split the mountain summits with his unerring shafts; and the Asuras, finding themselves again sore pressed by the Suras, precipitately fled: some rushed headlong into the briny waters of the ocean, and others hide themselves within the bowels of the earth. The rage of the glorious chakra, *Sudarsana*, which for a while burnt like the oil-fed fire, now grew cool; and it retired into the heavens from whence it came. And the Suras having obtained the victory, the mountain Mandara was carried back to its former station with great respect, whilst the waters also retired, filling the firmament and the heavens with their dreadful roarings. The Suras guarded the amrita with great care, and rejoiced exceedingly because of their success; and Indra, with all his immortal hosts, gave the water of life unto Nārāyana, to keep it for their use.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

THE PERSIANS IN 1812.

No. I.

WE are indebted for the following interesting account of the manners and customs of the modern Persians, to the joint work of a Russian nobleman and his wife, who resided some time at the court of Persia on a diplomatic mission from his own government. In passing through Georgia, they stopped sometime at Tiflis the capital of that country. Of the climate there, in the month of February, we have this charming description:—

We have spring in all its beauty now. A fine climate is surely one of the greatest enjoyments, and that of Georgia is delightful. Every day is more charming than the preceding; the clearness and serenity of the

sky seem as it were to heighten the vault of heaven. The almond trees are now in blossom, and nature grows young again, bedecking herself in all her gay luxuriance. The sun rises here with extraordinary splendour, while multitudes of aerial songsters assemble to hail the return of this parent of light; and the air is embalmed by a thousand delicious perfumes, exhaled from a vegetation whose freshness and beauty the eye is never wearied with admiring. But spring is the only season that yields, and it appears to exhaust these numerous sources of enjoyment; for after the month of May, they tell us the heat becomes excessive and the verdure withers. How true a type is this of the pleasures of life! Snow is now no longer seen on Caucasus, excepting Kasibek, and some other summits. The contrast is great: on one side rises the Kashoor, covered with its hoary mantle; while on the other is spread a smiling verdure, having the air of old age in the midst of playful youth. The gardens around Tiflis are numerous, and full of fruit-trees, which, being now in blossom, appear covered as with a white veil, and promise abundance of fruit. The Governor-General has lately laid out a large garden near his own house: beside the pleasure it may afford him, his principal object is to give some horticultural model to the Georgians; who, notwithstanding their fine climate, have not hitherto shown any desire to profit by the beauties nature lavishes on them.

Every evening (continues our travellers) the wife of the Governor-General receives the Georgian ladies, of whom the greater part are princesses of the country, and some among them are of the family of the czars. The most interesting of these is Thekla, daughter of Heraclius: she is married to a Prince Orbelianow, and is no disgrace to the stock whence she sprang. These ladies come on horseback attended by a servant; they are covered from head to foot with a large white veil, so that a cavalcade of them may in the dark be taken for a train of ghosts: some on their arrival throw aside this veil, and appear in the Georgian costume. The General has signified his wish to see this strange dress changed for the European, and a few have already had the courage to venture on the innovation.—However, though the oriental costume may seem extraordinary to us, I think it is perfectly adapted to the climate and habits of the country. In Persia, for example, where the men pass the greater part of their time on horseback and in the use of arms, they wear a dress conveniently loose; but that of the ladies is made to fit closer to the shape, as they seldom quit their sofas. In Europe the man takes off his hat: but the Persian, who never uncovers his head, puts his shoes

off on entering a house, that he may not injure the carpet, which is often of great value. There are many other customs which are quite opposite to those of Europe; as the Georgian dinner for instance, which commences with what is their dessert, and the extreme heat induces the people to take no food that is not light and cooling: in consequence of this temperance, they are generally robust, and attain to an advanced age. The men are clad warmly even in summer, for the evenings are always more or less cool. Thus we see that the Turks and Moldavians, as well as the Spaniards, prefer enduring the heat, rather than being exposed to a chill after sunset; at which time the air becomes cold, as is usually the case in southern countries. There are still to be seen at Tiflis some women of the lower class, who adhere to the ancient fashion of hiding the face with a veil, in which are two small openings for the eyes. The Persians call the apartments of their women the *harram*, or sacred place, to which the Turks give the name of *seraglio*, signifying a palace.—Females are more strictly guarded in Persia than any where else, for jealousy is there indeed an unbridled passion, and they pretend to justify the system by their legislator's precept—"Guard your religion and your women." In order to give greater weight to this advice, they add, that the wise man who uttered it was at the time on his death-bed, where he employed his last moments in inculcating his sublime doctrines.

The *seraglio* or *harram* has not only very high walls, but these are sometimes double and even triple, rendering them complete jails. The Persian's jealousy is not extinguished even in the death of his wife, whose grave he surrounds with an awning, that the attendants may not see the body of her who is to be buried. It is very difficult to know what passes in a *harram*, particularly in that of a royal establishment, which may be called an unknown world. These are said to contain offices of every useful description, which are supplied by women; such as mantua-makers, shoe-makers, cooks, and old women who perform the business of apothecaries. There are within the enclosures mosques and burial grounds; in short, every thing as in a town: and such an *harram* seems to be, on an extensive scale what the largest nunnery is on a small one. The women's apartments are generally the most splendid of a persian palace; there it is the great man of the place passes most of his time in the midst of his family. The *harram* of the shah is partitioned into several courts, having no communication one with another. When the shah dies, they who were his wives are secluded, for the remainder of their lives, in a quarter by themselves. You may easily conceive how they dread this ter-

rible moment, and how, at his death, they make the air resound with lamentations.—There are usually placed at the door of this quarter a guard of eunuchs, to prevent the entrance of any one except servants. If the shah have a son, he is also lodged in a separate part of the *harram*, and the mother commonly retires thither, with her suite, for the sake of bearing him company. The *harram* of the shah is incomparable for the beauty of its women; they never mix with society out of their palace: indeed, the greatest ladies of Persia are those who go out the least. When a lady leaves her house, she takes nearly all her train of maids and eunuchs, but is nevertheless accompanied by several spies and old women, appointed by her husband to be near her person on these occasions. Whenever a woman of rank goes into the town, which rarely occurs but at night, she is preceded at the distance of a hundred paces by a number of horse, and is followed by a similar party, both crying out *Couroue!* a Turkish word signifying prohibition and forbearance, and on such an occasion implying that every one must retire. This cry is much feared in Persia, where it is obeyed as soon as heard, every body flying as if they had notice of the plague. Eunuchs mounted and bearing long staves, march between the troops and the lady, striking at any one who may not have retreated. This chastisement is inflicted by them with more or less violence, according to the rank of the female they are conducting: should she be one of the Shah's *seraglio*, it may cost a man his life to be found in the way, within the space between such a procession and any point whence it may be observed. The most ancient authors agree, in never having seen in Georgia any woman marked with small-pox. The *seraglios* of the Grand Seignior and of the Shah have always received their chief supply from the Georgians and Circassians, whose women are celebrated for beauty. The parents of these victims have themselves offered their daughters for sale, and as the price depended on beauty, every method was tried to preserve it: thus avarice invented the art of inoculation: since which discovery the small-pox has ceased its ravages. De la Motraye mentions having seen in this country old women employed to inoculate, who performed the operation in a very simple manner.

THE DRAMA.

LONDON THEATRES.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A melo-drama was brought out at this house, entitled "*Val-mondi*," which is still more horrible than

Der Freischutz, a new version of which last had recently been exhibited at Drury Lane. The story of Valmondi is this:—Kelmar, a profligate nobleman, is anxious to release himself from a compact which he has entered into with a fiend, by engaging some one to accept of the boon of immortality and boundless wealth, in lieu of himself; for, on no other condition can he rid himself of a charmed existence, which is to him the source of unutterable agony, since, though not subject to mortality, he is condemned to endure all the pangs, both bodily and mental, that the demon chooses to inflict on him. Accident leads him to the cottage of Valmondi, a ruined gamester, and a man now rendered desperate, by seeing his wife expire before his eyes for want. Kelmar avails himself of this opportunity, nor is his offer rejected, although it costs Valmondi some struggles to accede to the terms. At midnight they both repair to the burying ground of a ruined abbey in the neighbourhood, and there Kelmar makes the necessary preparations for the completion of their treaty between Valmondi and the fiend Maleck. A scene of dreadful sorcery now commences: shrouded corpses start from the sepulchres, and the tremendous Maleck himself arises. Compared with this grim figure, the Zamel of the *Freischutz*, with his red cloak and hat and feathers, is but a *petit-maitre*, and the deep sepulchral tones of his voice add considerably to the terrific impression. Valmondi is horror struck, and would fain recede, but it is too late, and he is compelled, in spite of himself, to prostrate himself before the demon, while Kelmar, thus released from his contract, expires. Valmondi now determines to silence the reproaches and terrors of his conscience, by revelling in all the gratifications which his wealth affords him; but the persecuting fiend haunts him in the midst of his pleasures, and makes him the minister of his behest. This malignant being commands him to seduce Elvina, and, for that purpose, bestows on him a charmed rose, which will so overpower her virtue as to induce her to quit her hitherto beloved Albert, and abandon herself to Valmondi. The latter, however, resolves to marry her, hoping that the demon will not interfere to prevent this design; and a grand nuptial festival takes place, undisturbed by the infernal persecutor, until the priest approaches to give his nuptial benediction, and then Maleck himself, and other horrible forms suddenly appear, and the ceremony is suspended. In consequence of this horrible event, Valmondi is arrested by the inquisition, and sentenced to perish, but he is rescued by the fiend at the very place of execution. He is now urged by that terrible being to blacker crimes: he murders Elvi-

na's father, and is about to destroy Elvina herself, when he is ultimately carried off by Maleck to his doom.

PARIS THEATRES.

L'OPERA COMIQUE.—A comic opera in three acts entitled "*Leocadie*," was brought forward for the first time at this house on the 2d. November last. A novel of Cervantes furnished the subject of this piece. Crespo, an alcaid of a little village on the banks of the Tagus, is about to marry his niece, Sanchette, to Phillipe. Phillipe is only a serjeant, but he is of a noble family; and his sister, Leocadie, the prettiest woman in the environs, is beloved by all the village. There is another wedding to be on the same day, that of Fernand, the Captain of Phillipe, a young soldier, wild and dissipated, who is engaged to marry their colonel's sister. He has encountered in the village a pretty child, named Paul, whose birth is a mystery, and whose parents are unknown, and he wishes to have him, in order to make a page of him, and give him to his wife. The nurse is about to yield the boy up to him, when a letter from the mother of Paul arrives: she forbids him to quit the village. Fernand carries this letter to Crespo, the alcaid: the alcaid shews it to Phillipe. His surprise and rage may be conceived on finding it to be the writing of his sister, Leocadie. The alcaid makes a point of the honour of his family and place; he maintains silence; but the marriage of Phillipe and Sanchette is broken off. Here ends the first act.

The scene at the opening of the second act, represents the interior of Phillipe's house. He is tête-à-tête with his sister: he wishes to know the name of her seducer: she confesses the whole truth. She has been dishonoured, but is not guilty. Some young noblemen, in one of their orgies, meet her beyond the walls of the town: she is carried off: remains alone and in obscurity; and runs to a window to jump out. The moonlight displays the spot where she is; she surveys it attentively; she notes the furniture and the paintings. A miniature glitters over the mantle-piece; she secures it; it may chance to afford some indication. Phillipe wishes to see this miniature: it is only a female portrait, and the features are unknown to him. The tale of Leocadie is interrupted by the arrival of Don Carlos, Phillipe's colonel. He has been long in love with Leocadie; and he is secretly beloved. His object is to demand her hand in marriage. The despair of Phillipe may be conceived. He refuses his colonel: but he has recognised the ravisher, and breathes vengeance. Chance comes to his assistance. The portrait he has secured has belonged to

Don Fernand: it is that of his intended, the sister of Carlos. Phillipe goes out in the intention of obtaining reparation. It is too late: Fernand is married, and arrives with all the wedding retinue; and his death is thenceforward the only object of the designs of Phillipe.

In the last act we are conveyed to the city—to the hotel of Don Carlos, where the wedding of Fernand is being celebrated. Phillipe goes to find his enemy; and, under a feigned name, writes him a challenge; while in the neighbouring room is heard the sound of dancing and music. But Fernand, who is entirely absorbed in his happiness, has not time to read all the letters of congratulation sent to him: he consigns them to Carlos, who takes cognizance of the challenge, and who, in order to save his brother-in-law, is decided in taking his place, when Leocadie arrives. She has learnt that Phillipe is about to fight, and she has hurried to prevent it. But she is alone in the apartment; she runs—she looks around. Heaven! she recognises the spot: it was thither she was forcibly conveyed: she calls for help. Carlos arrives.—What is the matter? he inquires.—Disgrace, dishonour, justice on the guilty!—Ah, exclaims Carlos, do not curse him! he is at your feet: disarm supreme justice in naming him your husband. Leocadie consents; and three nuptials are consequently celebrated in lieu of one. This piece is managed with infinite art; the interest is kept up with great talent; and the music, which accords with the action, is scientifically adapted.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF WELSH THE MUSICIAN.

THOMAS WELSH is a native of Wells, in Somersetshire. At the age of six, he was a chorister in the cathedral, and by singing the anthems on Sundays, attracted the lovers of music from Bath, Bristol, Bridgewater, and still more distant towns, so that on Saturdays the city hotels felt the increase of visitors, and on Sundays the church was crowded to excess. The reputation of so young a singer soon reached the ears of Mr. Sheridan, who sent to Wells and engaged the lad for the oratorios, then conducted by Linley, at the Opera-house in the Haymarket. On the first performance the boy founded a reputation, which, until that period, it had never been the fate of any child to enjoy: the attraction of his voice and style of singing was prodigious, and an engagement followed for the stage, during which he performed in many operas, written expressly to exhibit his powers. The

first was 'The Prisoner,' by Attwood; this was succeeded by 'The Prize,' 'The Adopted Child,' 'The Mariners,' 'Cherokee,' and 'Lodoiska.' It was remarkable that Storace betrayed a wish to suppress the growth of the boy's reputation, and refused to compose for him, so that, had not Mr. Kemble the manager insisted on the production of 'The Cherokee,' and the beautiful song 'Sweet Bird,' in the opera of 'Lodoiska,' his fame (owing to the unkindness of Storace) would have been suffered to fade, instead of grow, as it did, to high importance. Through the liberal feelings of Mr. Kemble, who bestowed great pains on him, he was also brought into notice as an actor; Mr. Kemble conceiving, on Welsh's performing the character of Prince Arthur, in 'King John,' that he displayed a mind well suited to the stage.

His musical education, however, still continued to be carefully attended to, and his masters were Horn, senior, John Cramer, and Baumgarten; with the last gentleman he studied the theory of music, and was his favourite pupil. The works produced by Welsh, when about twenty-three years of age, the farces of 'The Green-eyed Monster,' and 'Twenty Years ago,' at the Lyceum theatre, and a full opera at Covent-garden, entitled 'Kamskatka,' which, although not successful as a drama, gave the composer of the music great scope, and placed Welsh high in his profession, for taste and song-writing, and ability in the arrangement of the orchestra. The chorus which commenced the opera, as well as many others in the piece, was beautifully constructed, and received decided marks of public admiration, by frequent encores. For some time we have not seen, which we regret, any theatrical compositions of Welsh; but his time has been well employed for the gratification of the public, in teaching pupils for the stage, and in this department he has no rival. Sinclair, Charles Horn, Miss Stephens, Miss Merry, and Miss Wilson, are the persons who, fortunately for themselves and the public, because his apprentices, and made their *debuts* under his direction and care.

There is now another young lady under his tuition, a sister of Miss Wilson; and from the uniform success with which his pupils have been distinguished, great expectations are entertained, and much anxiety felt by the admirers of the science, to witness her efforts as a candidate for public applause. We cannot avoid here observing, that Welsh appears to have studiously endeavoured to give his female pupils each a different style; perhaps the natural ability of each may have marked the line best suited to their respective talents, which, under so judicious a master, would of course

be embraced as affording legitimate grounds for discrimination. Welsh has informed the writer that his new pupil has a most extraordinary voice, peculiar for sweetness, and a quality capable of great pathos. He speaks of Mrs. Bland as the most affecting singer he ever heard in her style; and as he considers her chaste and simple singing more worthy to be followed as a school, than that of highly ornamented and more extravagant performances, he intends, as far as possible, to direct his efforts, while preparing Miss E. Wilson for the stage, so as to secure to her the valuable powers of touching the feelings and charming the heart as Mrs. Bland did, by unaffected grace, rather than astonishing the ear by the execution of rapid passages, which, for the most part, invade and corrupt the oratorical propriety, which should be the basis of all good singing.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

—Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

Another species of ovo-viviparous fish taken in the Atlantic Ocean near Sandy Hook.

INFORMATION was brought by Dr. Samuel Akerly, that several individuals of a species of fish which brought forth its young alive, had been brought into the market; and half a dozen or more of the unborn young in complete evolution, and six or seven inches long, were produced in evidence. On inquiring into the facts, and particularly by aid of the thorny or pike-shaped processes growing in front of the dorsal fins, it was satisfactorily shewn that the fish was the *squalus acanthias*, prickly backed shark, or the *piked dog-fish* of the British coasts: a species not heretofore reported as an inhabitant of our water, though well known along the shores of Europe. We have thus an additional native of the ocean to be registered in our catalogue of fishes. The full-grown length seems to be between three and four feet. And at the season of capture, late in December, the fisherman related that a large proportion of those they took were females, and these in a gravid state. With regard to animal re-production, the sharks, or certain parts of them, present a very interesting and peculiar example; differing from that of the whole animal creation. This will be understood by the following

summary of the modes by which animals multiply and increase their several races.

1. By *germination*, or that sort of proliferation that resembles the budding of plants; very common among the zoophytes and infusories.

2. By *the production of ova or eggs*; to be hatched after laying by incubation or solar warmth; as in the whole classes of birds and reptiles, and with very few exceptions, in the class of fishes.

3. By *viviparous birth*, or bringing forth offspring alive, to be suckled and protected for a term, by the mother or dam, as in the whole of the cetaceous tribes and other mammiferous creatures.—And,

4. A yet different organization, where the progeny is strictly *ovo-viviparous*; that is to say, where the foetus, though viviparous in its appearance, is nevertheless connected with an ovum dependent from the lower side of the body; but has, notwithstanding, no connexion whatever with the parent, as in viviparous animals: the young, sometimes a dozen in number, being so constituted as to enjoy, both for the purposes of nutrition and respiration, an independent existence. This very curious and elegant adjustment of parts, obtains only as far as yet known, among the sharks and blennies; and indeed it is uncertain whether the young of the latter are organized exactly in the same manner as the former.

The present intelligence afforded a beautiful illustration of the description, dissection, and delineation of another species, the blue shark, contained in the *Med. Repos.* Vol. 8. p. 78—81. The specimens being fresh and in the finest condition, were ordered for exhibition to the class in the college; and afterwards to be prepared as articles for the Museum: which things were accordingly done.

Geographical Mineralogy.

A box of minerals, containing upwards of seventy specimens, was received from William L. Sebring Esq., of Easton, in Pennsylvania. The pieces illustrate the natural productions of that interesting region and vicinity; by the exhibition, with many others, of the following denominations, to wit, *augite*, *chondrodite*, *saussurite*, *tremolite*, *coccolite*, *zircon*, various forms of *iron*, *magnesia*, *haematite*, &c. different modifications of *mica*, *white hornstone*, *black hornstone*,

quartz, crystals, &c.; several sorts of serpentines, and of the calcareous carbonates.

Another box of minerals came to hand through the good offices of Thomas Grenell, Esq. whose contents, to the amount of thirty articles and more, were intended to show the materials, as far as they go, which compose the upper strata and soil of Dutchess County, N. Y. *Iron, coal, and pyrites*, are the three dominant ingredients: *zinc, quartz, and argillite*, are also conspicuous. There are various other fragments of smaller moment; among which are pectinites, terebratulites, and other organic remains. The aggregates and natural productions were adjudged worthy of a place in such a collection, as Professor Leske of Marburg, had prepared, and of which George Mitchell, M. B., had given a translation; of which see an abstract in the Medical Repository, Vol. 12. p. 91, 92. This celebrated Museum had a five-fold arrangement; to wit, 1, *characteristic*; 2, *systematic*; 3, *geological*; 4, *economical*, and 5, *geographical*: the latter intended to show the minerals and fossils of the same country or region, as nature has placed them, without regard to character, system, economy or geology; but merely in relation to their collocation or disposition over the place of our planet:—a most instructive series.

Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.

A BURIAL PLACE OF THE GAULS has recently been discovered near Abbeville, containing skeletons of ordinary stature, enveloped in armour, and surrounded with earthen vases. Among the things found is an iron sabre broken in three pieces, a wooden quiver, bound together by copper bands entirely broken, six iron arrow heads, distinguished by three triangular faces, iron darts, a Gaulish divinity in stone, having the shape of a little axe in green jade, an iron axe, two iron shanks, the object of which is unknown, several objects in bronze, and, by the side of the defunct, vases, some in the shape of wide goblets, and others of porringers, similar to those which are found elsewhere at the feet of the dead; the first are eight inches high, the others about three. With the bones of the dead were mingled jaws of animals, a fragment of that of a boar, two of sheep, and other bones of the latter animal.

Part of a Roman villa was opened on the 21st of September, at Wigginton, England,

when a room, 20 feet long by 14 feet wide, was completely uncovered, and a great portion of the tessellated pavement was found nearly perfect.

Two young children, who were playing on the banks of the Loire, have discovered a cuirass which belongs to antiquity. The relief on this piece of armour is perfectly well sculptured, and represents Achilles, throwing on the funeral pile of Patroclus, the arms of some Trojan chiefs. The decision of the learned is expected with impatience.

M. CARUBET, drogman of France, at Constantinople, has printed a pamphlet in that capital, on two unpublished medals of Cavarus, king of Thrace. He discovered them himself on Mount Hemus.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS

HISTORICAL DICTIONARY.

WE have now before us sheets of a valuable work preparing for publication by Messrs. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, booksellers in London, entitled "A Universal Historical Dictionary, or Explanation of the Names of Persons and Places in the departments of Biblical, Political, and Ecclesiastical History, Mythology, Heraldry, Biography, Bibliography, Geography, and Numismatics." By George Crabb, A. M. Author of "A Universal Technological Dictionary;" and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we feel ourselves warranted from the specimen with which we have been favoured, to recommend this work to the patronage of an American public. Even had the author not already acquired celebrity by his "Technological Dictionary," the work now under consideration would have entitled him to an elevated rank in the republic of letters as a person of high literary attainments, and thorough knowledge of the various subjects on which he treats. The "Historical Dictionary," is in the quarto form, and will be completed in two volumes; the first of which was to be ready for delivery in London on the 1st of last month.

By the author's plan, of which we have also received a copy, the work was intended to comprehend, as we find it does, every thing that is connected with, or can serve to illustrate general history. The names of

persons and places given in general alphabetical order; but the department to which each specifically belongs, is denoted by an abbreviation immediately following the name, as (*Myth.*) for Mythology, (*Num.*) for Numismatics, &c. The *Biblical* part consists of the names of the persons and places mentioned in Holy Writ, with references to the books and chapters, &c. from which the explanation is drawn; to these are added illustrations from the Fathers, or such profane writers as furnish historical information. *Political History* embraces the names of all who have made any figure in the political world; with a brief account of their birth, death, family, and other important particulars in which they were interested or bore a part. *Ecclesiastical History* comprehends a similar account of those who, by their high station, their zeal and activity in the affairs of the church and the promotion of Christianity, or by the prominent part which they have taken in religious dissensions, are entitled to notice.

Under *Heraldry*, are included the names of families who have received British honours, giving an account of their descent, titles, arms, &c.; and distinguished between those titles which are at present enjoyed, and those which are extinct. The *Biographical* part treats of persons in their character as authors, wherein little more of their personal history is given than what relates to their birth, family, and death; but a list of their works is added, including every thing of importance in the science of *Bibliography*, as to the titles, several editions, size, place, and the time of publication. The *Mythology* of the ancients is explained by a description of their deities and heroes, with their several attributes, &c.; illustrated by copious extracts from the poets. *Geography*, and that branch of it entitled *Topography*, include the names of places, with a description illustrative of their history and antiquity; and a comparison of the different appellations by which the same places have been distinguished at different periods—the modern names being given in the description of ancient places, and the ancient names in that of modern places, or of such as have flourished in the *Middle Ages*. The Geographical part, therefore, of this Dictionary, will be found to embrace all that is important in ancient and modern geography. *Numismatics* have been made auxili-

ary to all the preceding sciences, by giving from medals the portraits of persons, or the attributes of the heathen deities, or the symbols of towns, together with their inscriptions, which serve to illustrate and define many points in history and geography, which are not to be learnt by any other means.

In order to give every possible degree of completeness to a work of this magnitude and importance, the publishers assure us, that they have spared no expense in procuring, for the plates, the best copies of portraits of illustrious persons who have attained to the highest degree of eminence or celebrity; and, in order to facilitate the reference to particular subjects, distinct plates are assigned to persons according to their rank or character, as Emperors, Kings, Princes, Statesmen, &c. Arrangements, we trust, will be made with the publishers, not only to republish the Historical Dictionary in this country, but also the other invaluable works by the same author.

LORD BYRON.

By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.

THERE are two principal things to be considered in estimating the merit of a poet's works: the choice in what is invented or reflected; and the manner, and power, and force, with which it is conveyed. As to Lord Byron, there is not now, I believe, (nor perhaps ever was,) any difference of opinion as to conceding to him excellence in the *latter*; in the *former* there has been a most violent discordance, which probably still continues in no small portion of society, though much lessened. I have been endeavouring to assist in this diminution, and to shew that the odium and persecution which the objectors brought on Lord Byron, and the perverted comments by which they extended it to his personal character and all his actions, were grossly unfair and malignant, and ought in candour to be admitted as an apology, if not a justification, for much of that occasional asperity, ill humour with the world, raillery, defiance, ridicule of pretended virtue, and unsparing attack on those on whom the world confers its favours, which have been deemed so unamiable, so ferocious, and so unprincipled. Lord Byron had seen mankind without a mask, partly from sagacity, and partly from suffering; and he was provoked to represent them with a rude and daring fidelity. He sometimes *caricatured*; but then every one must see that it was meant for a caricature.

Much of that gloom, and those bursts of indignation, displayed by Lord Byron after his retirement to the Continent in 1816,

which have been pursued with such tirades of galling censure, had a natural and venial, if not justifiable, cause; and not only do not prove the heartless pride and selfishness imputed to him, but prove, on the contrary, that with all his outward port of haughty and reckless disregard, he had at the bottom a bosom which was the fountain of tenderness; a deep, considerate, contemplative mind, intensely sensitive of the sorrows of our nature; a conscience awake, full of regrets, and ever pondering on our frailties; a fancy always conversant with beauty and grandeur; and an imagination accustomed to create not merely visions of material splendour but of moral sublimity. I recollect nothing in Lord Byron's poems, which is purely and merely descriptive: the strong feelings of humanity always intermix themselves with all his imagery. Here, then, is the index of the moral state of Lord Byron in the summer and autumn of 1816. He who is conscious to himself of thoughts, sentiments, and powers vastly elevated above those who insult and traduce him, can scarcely avoid to be agitated by strong emotions of spleen, resentment, and scorn. If he be not of a soft, feminine, sickly temperament, he will not answer the injuries by whining complaints and cowardly protestations of innocence; but he will become desperate: he will break out into indignation, sarcasm, and exposure of his opponents, so severe as to seem inexcusably cruel to those who know not the provocation.

There are those—and a very numerous class—who will contend, that an author ought not, in his political fictions, designed for the public, to intermix them with the colouring of his own private concerns. If Lord Byron had, in 1816, exhibited any brilliant fruits of fancy or imagination, and yet avoided such intermingled colouring, *then* I should have considered it as an infallible test that he had no heart or moral sensitiveness. It is on this very fact, on which so much frightful odium and calumny is built, that I found my conviction of his high sensibilities, and moral elevation of intellect. I speak this with reference to his compositions considered comprehensively: I cannot but feel that his genius, like his temper, was irregular, and liable to not a few exceptions; but so inconsistent and imperfect is humanity, that I am afraid more restraint and self-control would, in checking his excesses, have also tamed and blighted many of his beauties. His fearlessness, his defiance, his very anger, gave to his pen not only a frankness, but a resistless fire, which is among its main attractions. It forms one grand distinction between him and almost all other poets: he never studies to write; he lays prostrate all the arts of composition, and kicks down all

their rules, forms, and boundaries; he trusts to the weight of his matter to support him; and I do not remember a passage where he uses a trick or formulary of expression to support a trite or unnecessary thought—and still less an absence of thought. He was a substantial character both in poetry and life: he stood alone, where none had preceded him; none formed a part of him, and none, I fear, will follow him. He acted from his own humours; he wrote and spoke nothing merely because it was plausible; he was himself, and none but himself—whether he differed from others or agreed with them. The major part of those who enjoy the fame of poetical genius, have nothing more than the minor talent to catch and communicate the images, sentiments, and thoughts which they think will shine most, and be most agreeable to the public; and are devoid of what proceeds from the internal foundations of the heart, or is the result of intimate conviction. They are therefore nothing better than repeaters, and add nothing positive to the stories of the intellectual world.

It has been supposed, that without a constant exercise of observation, without a constant familiarity with men and manners, all opinions of life are merely visionary, inexact, and empty. Lord Byron is at any rate a contradiction to this: his inexhaustible intimacy with living manners is among his numerous surprising superiorities. At the same time, it may be justly questioned if absolute solitude is good for man. All the faculties of the mind are freshened and invigorated by variety, by select conversation, and the endearments of social intercourse. From these Lord Byron never withdrew himself: he was no merely dreaming, merely ideal recluse: he had a keen delight in the cheer which generous spirits receive from hospitality; he loved all manly exercise. It might be said by him,

" Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
And throngs of knights, and barons bold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence :—
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry."

And such I suppose, was the life he led at *Venice*. He was not, however, insensible to the manner in which his name was treated in England by very powerful parties, though he rose above it. His genius was praised—sometimes fulsomely praised—his poems were bought and read—his assumed merits and demerits were on every tongue: criticism paid a sort of worship to him; but it was a worship such as is paid to *the devil*; a worship of fear, intermingled with ill-suppressed horror. There was a bitter thrown into the cup of every flattery, which turned it to poison;—and where there was not cour-

THE GRACES.

age to attack him under the criticism of his own works, the most virulent flings were made at him sometimes by single passages, sometimes by whole pages in articles which undertook to criticise the works of others. He had not only concealed as well as open enemies in every quarter, but sometimes, perhaps, also treacherous friends who only paid adoration to the superiority of his genius out of fear.

The singularity of his character, and of the events of his life unquestionably assisted in first bringing his poems into celebrity; and the skill and activity of his publisher, taking advantage of these circumstances, did also much. These happened to fall, in Lord Byron's case, on a soil where there was a fertility to ripen them into the richest harvest where hope and praise lighted the fire of inspiration, and opposition only fanned the flame, when once it was lighted. This concurrence of circumstances might not make him happy; the opposition that inflamed and strengthened might still wound; and there might be more of occasional bursts of short exultation than of steady and complacent enjoyment in the years of his intense yet clouded glory, which must have been accompanied by so much feverish and variable tumult. But had he a temperament which would have been more happy in an ordinary and sober course of events? Were not restlessness and tumult his element? Was he not born to ride on the whirlwind, and battle with the tempest? His energies would have gangrened, and oppressed him to the earth, if they had not found vent. He had a dominion over the public mind, in spite of all its rebellions and all its enmities against him, which must have been an almost inebriating triumph to his aspiring and haughty mind.

I have serious doubt, whether any other concurrence of circumstances would have brought forward the poems which now attach to Lord Byron's name. The answer may be, that it might have brought them forward, not only different, but better. I cannot, in reply, controvert the *possibility* of this, but I am entitled to deny the *probability*! Certainly nothing less than *violent* impulse would have done it; and I suspect that it must have been an impulse mixed up in some degree with anger and resentment. If his first poems had not been so rudely attacked, perhaps he might have written only smooth common-place poetry; and if misfortunes had not disgusted him with England, perhaps he might have sunk into a politician, or a luxurious noble, of ordinary habits.

Fruges consumere natum!

He might have lived!—but what is life worth, to be consumed in sloth and uselessness?

CONFESSIONS OF A FRENCH WOMAN.—Born and bred in Paris, I became, in my earliest youth, the toast of my native city. Heartily tired of the praises of my beauty, repeated every day in verse and prose, in songs and poems, in companies and periodical publications, and calculating upon new fame and fresh admirers, I set out on my travels and quitted Paris and France. In Spain, in England, in Germany, in Italy; in short, wherever I went, I was disappointed in my expectations, and my pride was humbled. In every country I found a different standard of beauty. I resolved to leave this quarter of the globe, and journeyed to Asia. Here I fared still worse. I shall say nothing of Turkey, Persia, or Circassia, because, on comparing myself with the beauties of those countries, I could not help feeling my inferiority. But when I reached China, I thought the people there would never have done laughing at my large eyes, my aquiline nose, my small ears, my apology for a mouth, my immense feet, and my shoes, in each of which there was room enough for four Chinese feet. From China I proceeded to the Marian Islands. Here the natives laughed just as heartily at my teeth and my hair: for among them the height of beauty consists in black teeth and long white hair.

In Arabia I made no conquests, for I did not understand the art of colouring my eyebrows a coal black, and of enlarging the eye considerably towards the temple by a stripe of the same colour; in short, I had not the excessively large, black, prominent eye, or the chalk-white complexion of the beauties of the East. As the natives of the Alps had wondered to see me without goitre, so were the Hottentots astonished that I had not a flat nose, a body as big and as round as a barrel, and half putrid intestines of animals twisted by way of ornament about my arms and legs. In America, in the southern province of Cumana, they found fault with me because my cheeks were not hollow, nor my face long and narrow, and because I was not large enough about the hips; for there they compress the head between two boards, and fasten tight bandages above the knee to produce these peculiarities of conformation. In North America I witnessed a quarrel between a negress and a white woman on the subject of beauty. Both claimed the prize. "Only look," said the former, "at my black shining skin, my thick coral lips, my white eyes, my woolly hair; how can your pale diseased look, your sickly blue eye, your little pursed-up mouth, your lank hair, hanging as if it had just come out of the water, compare with these?" The white woman was about to reply, but I took her aside and taught her, by my own

experience and example, that we must not look for a general standard of beauty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

MR. EDITOR,—If you think my pocket-handkerchief worthy of your notice, it is now at your disposal.

A pocket-handkerchief is — a pocket companion. What is a young lady without a pocket-handkerchief? She is like the lovely summer rose without a leaf to hide its modest blushes. She is never at ease without her handkerchief to protect her from the tormenting little musquitoes, who are so busily employed in the summer evenings planting their stings on the blooming cheek of their victim. A pocket-handkerchief is one of the most useful servants a man can keep. An old bachelor may amuse himself in his garret for an hour or two by the different ways of folding, twisting and turning his pocket-handkerchief; or by wiping away the tears which he sheds when thinking of his forlorn condition.

What is a dinner party without each has a pocket-handkerchief? How ridiculous it would appear to see a pocket-handkerchief of one passing and repassing about the table, wiping away first the greasy mouth of some tobacco chewer; then the beautiful lips of some sweet young lady; than one coughing, another sneezing, &c. A man is no man without a pocket-handkerchief; and a young lady is a mere nothing-at-all without a fine muslin kerchief. In a party, for instance, in handing a glass of wine to a lady, should you chance to spill a few drops on her garments, and have no pocket-handkerchief to offer, how would you feel, what would you say, or what would you think? A man's gallantry then depends on his pocket-handkerchief. If a man should sally forth without a handkerchief, and should see some fine oranges, or some such thing, which he should take a liking too, he could not convey them home for want of a handkerchief; this proves that a handkerchief is a man's servant. Let a man be where he will, a handkerchief is never amiss. For my own part, I am a great hand for curious handkerchiefs. I once had one with the representation of a young lady looking for her handkerchief, exclaiming she could never go any where without her handkerchief. And I have had them with representations shewing the advantages of a pocket-handkerchief, but never once the disadvantages. I have had them with battles, sea fights, races, scenes of various subjects, but never yet have I had, or heard one representing the disadvantages of a pocket-handkerchief!

G—

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 13. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Cottager's Daughter. The Way to get Married.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Persians in 1812.* No. II.

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Mr. Horne Tooke.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Theodoric.* By Thomas Campbell.

THE GRACES.—*Calendar—February.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Andalusian Simplicity.*

POETRY.—Original and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Notice has been given of an application to the present session of the Legislature of this state, for a bank to be called the Washington Monument Bank, with an appropriation of \$40,000 for the completion of the Washington Monument, in the city of New-York.

A gentleman, connected with one of the Departments at Washington, has lately discovered a mass of documents concerning Captain John Paul Jones, of a very interesting nature, and tending to exhibit his character in a new light.

A machine for drilling rocks has been invented at Roxbury, (Mass.) by which a boy may drill as much in one day as three men can do in the same time, in the usual mode of drilling.

A funnel has been invented at Poland, (Maine,) said to be an effectual security against fire and smoke, as it is so closely jointed that it supports itself, and leaves no room for the smoke to escape.

MARRIED,

M. E. Dalton to Miss Anne Dooly.
R. Tuite, Esq. M. D. to Miss C Berier.

DIED,

Mrs. Mary Cox, aged 36 years
Mrs. Mary Niblo, aged 65 years.
Mrs. S. Lord, aged 47 years.
Mrs. Anne Powell, aged 57 years.
Mrs. C. Walton, aged 57 years.
Mr. John C. Groverman, aged 23 years.
Capt. Seaman Weeks,
Mr. W. Tripler, aged 31 years.
Mr. Daniel Ritter, aged 65 years.
Mr. T. Shepherd, aged 60 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

SCOTTISH SONG—ADAM ROY.

By Francis Topic, Esq.

Tune—"There's nae luck about the house."

The ship is safe in Gonrock Bay,
An' my gude man is there,
O, how my heart louns at the thought,
That I'll meet him ance mair.
For Adam Roy has come hame,
Adam Roy, Adam Roy,
For Adam Roy has come hame,
My winsome Adam Roy.

The wee bit weans will be fu' glad
To speel upon his knee,
And stroke a down his raven locks,
For he's been lang at sea.
For Adam Roy, &c.

The neebours will a' flock around,
An' speir whare he has been,
An' gar him tell the mony sight,
That far awa' he's seen.
For Adam Roy, &c.

The weans will hae their Sunday claes,
Mysel' my silken gown,
An' I'll gang ower to uncle Tam's,
An' bid them a' come roun'.
For Adam Roy, &c.

The Kebuck cheese I winna hain,
I'll kill my fattest hen,
I'll put a bicker on the board,
A carpet on the ben.
For Adam Roy, &c.

An' we will live as leal and kind,
As we were wed yestreen,
An' hope to see as blithesome days
As ever yet have been.
For Adam Roy, &c.

The lines beneath, allusive to Byron, are from the pen of his friend Saml. Rogers. When he also shall be dead, and consequently unable to resist malignant abuse, we shall, probably, see Robert Walsh, Jun. assail his memory in the same cowardly and cut-throat manner that he has assailed Byron's, and for no reason, save that, being a generous man, Rogers dares to defend the most persecuted genius of all ages.

He is now at rest;

And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
Gone like a star that through the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than I, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations: and, if in thy life

Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
As round we went, that they so soon should sit
Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourned,
Changing her festal to her funeral song;
That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
Thy years of joy and sorrow.

Thou art gone

And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert—even from thy earliest years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland boy—
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,
Her charmed cup—ah, who amongst us all
Could say he had not erred as much, and more?

STANZAS.

By Lord Byron.

I heard thy fate without a tear,
Thy loss with scarce a sigh,
And yet thou wert surpassing dear,
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath sear'd mine eyes;
The tears refuse to start;
But every drop its lids deny,
Falls dreary on my heart.

Yes—deep and heavy, one by one,
They sink and turn to care;
As cavern'd waters wear the stone;
Yet dropping, harden there—
They cannot petrify more fast
Than feelings sunk remain,
Which, coldly fix'd, regard the past,
But never melt again.

Picture of Youthful and Extinguished Beauty.

By Barry Cornwall. [Procter.]

A word—a breath revives her! and she stands
As beautiful, and young, and free from care,
As when upon the Tyber's yellow sands
She loosened to the wind her golden hair,
In almost childhood; and in pastime run
Like young Aurora from the morning sun.
Oh, never was a form so delicate
Fashioned in dream or story, to create
Wonder or love in man. She was fair
And young, I said; and her thick tresses were
Of the bright colour of the light of day:
Her eyes were like the dove's—like Hebe's—or
The maiden moon, or starlight seen afar,
Or like—some eyes I know, but may not say.
Never were kisses gathered from such lips,
And not the honey which the wild bee sips
From flowers that on the thymy mountains grow
Hard by Ilissus, half so rich:—The brow
Was darker than her hair, and arched and fine,
And sunny smiles would often often shine
Over a mouth from which came sounds more sweet
Than dying winds, or waters when they meet
Gently, and seem telling and talking o'er
The silence they so long had kept before.

SONG.

O lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestry,
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow show'rs
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flow'rs.

There's fairy tulips in the east,
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossoms as they run:
While morn opens like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly show'rs:
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flow'rs!

STANZAS.

A woman once, as it is sung,
Could speak so loud, without a tongue,
You hear her could a mile hence;
But I a greater wonder know,
A Christian woman who, although
She has a tongue, keeps silence!

There was a man, the story goes,
Who wrote a volume with his toes,
So I've been told, and credit;
But what's more wonderful than that,
And quite as credible and pat,
I knew a man that read it!

There was a man, a foe to strife,
Who died because he had a wife;
But what is more uncommon—
There was a fool, the other day,
Who died with grief, because, they say,
He could not win a woman!

SONG TO THE ZEPHYR.

Soft wind, that go'st flying, and murmuring too,
The delightful world over, with nothing to do!
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.
To-day, pleasant wind, thou must give sweet repose
To a beautiful creature who very well knows
To make me long vigils of tenderness keep,
But knows not to lull my sad sorrows asleep;
Come, win thee my favour, since thou wakest too,
Flying all the world over, with nothing to do;
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.
Thou who midst the green leaves gaily sing'st at a guess
Of my past happy fortune and present distress,
Fresh, grateful, and straying the whole summer through,
This delightful world over, with nothing to do!
Play me a tune with the elm-leaves above,
Whilst the maid sleeps whom so dearly I love.

EPIGRAM.

*Harry had a better Library than Dick, and
Dick had a better understanding than Harry.*

Quoth Harry to his friend one day,
'Would Richard, I'd thy head!'
'What wilt thou give for it?' Dick replied,
The bargain's quickly made.

'My head, and all my books, I'd give,
With readiness and freedom;
'I'd take thy books, but with thy head;
I fear I ne'er could read 'em.'

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Cloud.

PUZZLE II.—Gout.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Seldom am I the theme of poets' lays;
Seldom does singer warble forth my praise;
My worth's not great, my beauty nothing rare,
Yet there are some who think me worth their care.
In peaceful state once undisturbed I lay,
'Till that sad hour, that inauspicious day,
When I was torn from peace and balmy rest,
For oh! the helpless ever are oppressed!

Dragged from my dark abode by some unpolished wight,
Exposed to common view and glaring light;
Yet when my form is torn by sharpen'd steel,
Though by the hands of those perhaps unused to feel,
They unmov'd the saddest tale can hear,
May turn their heads aside and drop a tear.

II.

Without my aid, no nymph is truly fair,
Nor could you ever find a happy pair:
In cursed rebellion me the head you'll find,
To murmur, cruelty, and rage inclined;
Yet virtue's friends all surely must agree,
Since e'en religion's self must cease with me.

Thus you perceive I'm not devoid of grace,
Yet ne'er in heaven or hell shall I have place.
Though in the centre of the world I'm pent,
Though by my power subsists each element,
Though on my aid myriads of worlds depend,
Ladies, you'll find me at your finger's end.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,

And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No
subscription can be received for less than a year,
and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to
the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.